

BRAINS BEHIND BARBED WIRE!



ORIGINAL DRAWING
BY FRANZ MASEREL

FATE OF ARTISTS, SCHOLARS, SCIENTISTS,
BRAIN WORKERS UNDER HITLER-FASCISM

A Collective Report

STATEMENT

Regardless of their political views, the following declare this document to be of decisive importance for intellectual liberation:

France:

ROMAIN ROLLAND
HENRY BARBUSSE
ANDRE GIDE

England:

LIAM O'FLAHERTY
LANCELOT HOGBEN
LAURENCE HOUSMAN
CONSTANT LAMBERT
NAOMI MITCHISON

Austria:

PROFESSOR JULIUS TANDLER

Switzerland:

HANS MUHLESTEIN

Holland:

HENRIETTE ROLAND-HOLST

United States:

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
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PROFESSOR A. J. CARLSON
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INTRODUCTION

"WE speak here to you for whom the concepts of progress, culture, and humanity are more than amiable, convenient resting places for non-committal emotions. We speak to you who, all over the world, in everyday life, fight against lies and stupidity, against the wild preparations for war, and against all that which seeks through violence and suppression to arrest progress.

"We speak to you and ask you to listen."

* * * * *

The collective authors did not wish to excite mere helpless pity for their colleagues, tormented and persecuted and murdered by German Fascism. Effective action is the aim of their writing—the honest action suggested in the closing lines of the text.

Warning and clarification are the further aims. Implicit in every line is the caution,—to you readers, in the democracies of the world, this too may come, unless you join together to make it impossible. No one who has lived and worked in Germany can subscribe to the idea that the "German people" are barbarians by nature, or backward, any more than are the "American people."

The theme of *Brains Behind Barbed Wire* is neither foreign nor far off. *Tua res agitur*—it concerns yourself! Under this motto the report was prepared and issued. The forces of repression and reaction and enslavement which have reached their ultimate and final concentration in the Hitler regime, are not confined to Germany. Here in America, they are at work, supported, as they were in Germany, by powerful and ruthless interests. Every week brings fresh evidence of the self-assured activity in our midst of the known representatives and propagandists of the particular brand of Fascism which put these brains behind barbed wire and underground. The native forces of reaction are all present, diffused, localized, and amorphous as yet, but concentrating under the influence of the same conditions of chronic economic breakdown, preparing to crystallize into forms no less ferocious and bloodily repressive than those of German, Austrian, and other fascist regimes.

Those forces are operating here, in England, in France—in the "great democracies of the world."

These writers—uncompromising fighters with their pens and talents—have earned the right to tell their colleagues and readers in the rest of the world, how great is the danger, and from which directions it comes, and how it is to be combated.

"We . . . who did not permit ourselves to be lulled to sleep by the specious contrast, democracy-fascism, we, who prophesized for years what has now taken place, were fought with censorship and imprisonment."

They were objects of slander, scorn, and threats. They were called extremists and seekers for trouble. But now they are not plunged into confusion or seized by helpless despair as they contemplate the catastrophe of all real culture in the country whose literature and art they enriched. Nor have they been silenced. The finest literature being produced in the German language—fiction, poetry, drama, reportage,—comes from the pen of these political emigres. They are the guardians and inheritors of the best tradition of German letters. The writing, produced and published under the Hitler regime, has attained depths of stupidity, sycophancy, and irrelevance to every reality of life.

Culture has nothing to do with politics. The intellectual worker should not mix in political affairs . . . against such facile platitudes, argued and worked the brain workers who wrote this pamphlet, and many of those whose fates are described in it.

Now, for all to see with terrible distinctness, is apparent that "politics" has everything to do with culture, and the intellectual worker has every reason to concern himself in deadly and enlightened earnestness, with the drift of political affairs. For—"under the bloody flag of fascism, the inhuman debasement of labor has a necessary counterpart in the destruction of all cultural values, and in the extermination of all those intellectuals who dared to think through to the bases of true democracy . . ."

It is hardly necessary to point out that the cases here reported are those of intellectuals of many different political beliefs and affiliations: pacifists, militant defenders of democracy, socialists, anarchists, communists, and even those who would be called loosely "liberals." Fascism did not confine its terror to the "Marxists", nor to the Jews. Among the twenty-odd cases which follow, are men who were by birth and ancestry Protestant, Catholic, Jew; who were by conviction free-thinkers, deists, agnostics, atheists, or what not.

This is no protest which falls into the deliberate ruse set by the Nazis: it does not confine itself to Hitlerite mistreatment and starvation of Jews. For this persecution, though coldly ferocious and deliberately calculating, is only part of a larger program of repression, terror, and militarization which is an inseparable part of the Nazi dictatorship on behalf of the armament industry and the biggest of Big Business. As the German original of this pamphlet was going through the press, the authors wrote:

"The more the former mass support of the fascist government dwindles away as a result of the self-exposure of social and nationalistic demagoguery of the Hitlerite leaders, the more does the fascist dictatorship have to depend on police, its court, penitentiaries and concentration camps and naked, brutal violence as the last resort. The fight between National Socialism and the churches has resulted in numerous victims among the middle and lower clergy who today fill the concentration camps. The bestial sadism of the Storm Troop gangs is vented on these clergymen and priests, just as on the Jews and Marxists."

For them all, protest must be made, powerful, insistent, repeated protests.

To inspire this protest, and elicit material aid for the minds now tormented to insanity behind Hitler's barbed wire, is dedicated this pamphlet and the labors of all who have helped to make it.

HERBERT A. KLEIN

BRAINS BEHIND BARBED WIRE

WRITERS

AMONG those who recognized most clearly that the road followed by the German Republic led to the bitter end of Fascism, were many German writers. These were persecuted by the venal reactionary majority of their fellow writers, no less than by the state officials. They were criticized with condescending patronage or arrogantly neglected by the professional literary critics. They were slandered and threatened by the Nazis as "traitors to Germanic Culture." Yet in the face of all this they fought their fight for freedom of mind and freedom for artistic work.

The stupid *auto da fe*, which was carried out May 10th, 1933, in all the cities of Germany, this destruction of hundreds of books labeled "un-German" by the Nazis, was the conclusion of a development for years past clearly visible to the eyes of those who would see. Many, very many, of the middle class authors whose works were burned had fought for years against those who contended there was no choice but socialism or decline into barbarity. And when, not only Communists, but also ivory towered estetes and moderate, middle of the road, democrats were banned or consigned to the fire—this constituted a bitter justification for those writers who had recognized the social function of all art and had decided for themselves to carry out, regardless, the social tasks which the awakening working class demanded of art.

No fewer than 132 writers were removed from public libraries as "un-German." Many of these authors emigrated to foreign countries, and even today cannot understand what has happened to them. Others, however, carry on the fight for the workers, side by side with the workers. Many are incarcerated in prisons and concentration camps.

CARL VON OSSIETZKI

When complaints were made that the calibre of German political publicists was low as compared with the journalistic culture of other countries, when their superficiality and prejudice was criticized—there was always one name excepted from such reproaches—Carl von Ossietzky. In the person of this man the last eminent publicist of German bourgeois culture is exposed to the cruelties of his jailors in the notorious Sonnenburg concentration camp.

In twenty years of political activity Carl von Ossietzki remained steadfastly true to himself. In the *Welt am Montag*, in the *Berliner Volkszeitung*, in the *Tagebuch*, and finally in the *Weltbuehne*, Carl von Ossietzki was always the one who made the publication worthy of being read, the one whose uncompromising selection, whose discipline of language and clean cut thought became example and standard. The political journalism of the German Republic is unthinkable without Carl von Ossietzki.

It was he who devoted himself and his reputation to exposing the fearful "Feme" murders carried on by the reactionaries in Germany. It was he, first of all, who dared to trace out and tear the devilish threads of underground German military policy. He was the head of the independent jury of referees which investigated the events of May 1st, 1929.¹ In the battle against the political partiality of German justice, he fought in the front rank. The criminal, secret armaments for the war which was to be forced on the German people by their generals, had in him an adversary who did not fear to drag them into the light and seek to destroy them. On hardly any other German citizen was vented such a flood of slander and abuse.

Courts of the Republic handed down sentences against him because he called murder by its right name even when it was tolerated and approved by members of the General Staff of the Reichswehr (German Army).

He wanted—and this should be, must be, said in connection with the German tragedy—a clean, just, peace-loving and socially constructive middle class democracy. These are demands which cannot be realized on this earth, because one excludes the other.

He was a man who raised his great voice to warn: "Republic, be strong!", who summoned the republicans to be courageous in their own house, a man who in the last analysis could not understand why the republicans could not summon this courage. He did not understand it because he saw events apart from the great, extraordinary, essential struggle which was going on for 15 years within the boundaries of Germany—the struggle of socialism with capitalism for power in Germany.

And so we see him for 15 years fighting a lost cause against the right (reaction) and against the "ultra-left" (ultra, according to his opinion)—fighting for a social Republic which should advance peacefully toward humanity and happiness for all. History itself has proved that this line of advance is impossible—and Carl von Ossietzki himself has become a victim of this proof.

At the end of 1931, Carl von Ossietzki was finally sentenced to a year and a half imprisonment for betrayal of military secrets. In his magazine, *Die Weltbuehne*, an aviator wrote an article dealing with preparations for war in the German aviation industry. In the face of threatened punishment, the writer fled out of Germany. Ossietzki stood trial. Months in succession attempts were made to induce the responsible authorities to grant amnesty to Ossietzki. All the great organizations of writers addressed themselves to President von Hindenburg begging him at least to grant a pardon which would change the penitentiary sentence to an honorable detention in a fortress. But Hindenburg who had just been re-elected president with the help of the Social Democrats, didn't even consider worthy of an answer these petitions signed by hundreds of thousands of people.

It was not until the end of 1932 that Ossietzki was released from the remainder of his sentence, on the basis of a general amnesty. Only a few

1. Zaergiebel's "Bloody May 1st"—see below section on Klaus Neukrantz.

months later the Nazis arrested him again, and fairly outdid themselves in malicious triumph because the "traitor to his country", Carl von Ossietzki, was incarcerated in the concentration camp of the penitentiary Sonnenburg. Courage, honor, uprightness, and whole-hearted participation of the individual in struggle—qualities which the Nazis habitually, and wordily, praise as highest virtues of the German man—these count for less than nothing in Germany today.

Foreign journalists who tried to speak to Ossietzki, found in Sonnenburg a broken man who silently stood "in military posture" before their questions. The reporters could only learn that in the concentration camp Carl von Ossietzki had no time for mental work. Military drill and rigorous gymnastic exercises under the command of the guards of his prison, make up the existence of the last great republican journalist of Germany.

LUDWIG RENN

In 1929 appeared in the feature page of the famous *Frankfurter Zeitung* a novel which excited extraordinary attention, and thereafter was translated into the languages of all civilized nations. *War!* was its name. It is well known what power and what effect this book had in all countries. So straightforward was the achievement of this author, and so clearly did his work stand by itself and speak for itself, that there was little question as to what kind of a man carried the name, Ludwig Renn. Finally it was discovered that this assumed name hid a former Imperial officer, ex-Captain Arnold Vieth von Golssenau, and that he, son of an old German noble family, was a Communist! This created a stir among the reactionaries, for the manly attitude, the unsentimental and un-melodramatic heroism of this book was being contrasted with the novel of Remarque, "*All Quiet on the Western Front*"; and the Nazis in particular valued the qualities of the Renn novel.

A long and difficult way had led Ludwig Renn—born in Dresden, 1888—to Communism. In 1911 the young officer entered the War Academy, went to the front in 1914 as head of a company, became regimental adjutant, battalion leader, and finally teacher of the Field War College (Feldkriegsschule). He was a superb soldier, a model. Disciplined as leader, as confident of his comrades and disciplined even down to the very least of his gestures. After the war he was selected as leader by the Safety Troops (*Sicherheitstruppe*) of Dresden. In 1920 he quit this position.

His existence was restless, tormented, burdened with impressions of the war which he could not absorb and assimilate. Ludwig Renn studied all branches of knowledge. He wandered through Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt—an uprooted feudal aristocrat, a soldier who could not find himself in the complications and injustices of the everyday world.

"I searched for people with whom I had aims in common, and found them nowhere. The only way remaining to me was barred by the prejudice which I had felt for Socialism. As a soldier I naturally had nothing but contempt for the cowardliness of the Social-Democratic leaders."

The events of July 15th, 1927, the tremendous explosion of mass indignation in Austria, the burning of the Palace of Justice in Vienna—which Renn experienced at first hand—wrought the decision in him. He returned to Germany and became a Communist.

The same penetration, the same power of literary creation which made his novel "War" a world-wide success, are also to be found in Renn's second work "Post-War" (*Nachkrieg*) in which Renn pictures the progress of his sergeant through the confusion of the post-war time, to socialism. This "deserter", who had examined passionately the foundation of his social class and found it wanting and pronounced it ready for destruction, was a thorn in the side of the ruling powers of Germany. The first opportunity was seized to take vengeance on him: In October, 1932, Ludwig Renn was arrested in one of the lecture rooms of the Berlin Marxist Workers School, in the midst of a lecture he was giving on the history of military science. The outline for his lecture, a cool, scientific summary which he carried in a pocket, was seized upon as an excuse for a charge of high treason. For months Ludwig Renn was imprisoned awaiting trial. After a few days of freedom, he was once again arrested on the day after the burning of the Reichstag.

WILLI BREDEL

With a group of his new friends, the young Association of Proletarian-Revolutionary Writers of Germany (*Bund proletarisch-revolutionärer Schriftsteller Deutschlands*, which has prepared this study) Renn began to publish the magazine *Linkskurve* (Curve to the Left), which aimed to call into life a revolutionary workers literature and to direct it critically. Not a sentimental "poor people" literature; not mere social problem literature which only describes existing conditions—but a revolutionary fight on the side of the Communist Party; such was the aim and the content of the literature of these young men who, for the most part, were themselves workers. Their literary activity had often begun with the writing of factory reports for the revolutionary press which had organized them and spurred them on to further writing.

Among the promising beginning of this species of literature, one book had justly excited particular interest: the novel "N. & K. Machine Works" by Willi Breidel. Here, for the first time in the history of German literature, a factory was used not merely as a technical phenomena, nor, so to speak, as a bit of landscape scenery exploited and misrepresented—rather the social function of the factory was shown and, from a new point of view, the role of the laborers at their daily work, in political fights, and in society as a whole.

The situation of the worker presented in this book may be illustrated most aptly by the fact that the worker-author, Willi Breidel, wrote his novel while in prison! On the basis of the grotesque, judicial fiction of "literary high treason", to which dozens of editors, journalists, and even lyric poets were sacrificed, Willie Breidel was sentenced in 1927 to two years of detention in a fortress. He had begun to occupy himself with

literary work for the first time as he was sentenced to imprisonment on account of his political activity.

Though continually threatened by the anti-worker decisions of the German court and by the noiseless operation of police censorship, this literature grew up and spread. It is understandable that in it a new and harder note is sounded; understandable, too, that these militant books lack some of the qualities which make the great work of bourgeois literature seem so harmonious and iridescent.

The life of the proletarian revolutionary author, Willi Bredel, makes clear the origin and atmosphere of such literature more than any long academic study could do:—

Son of a socialist cigar worker in Hamburg, he was thrust during the war into a munitions factory as apprentice at the lathes. Grown up in the tradition of the old Social-Democratic party, the young man soon took part in political life. He worked on the docks, went to jail, worked again in a machine shop, became worker-correspondent, wrote articles, was sentenced, went to jail, worked again—in short he led the life of those hundreds of thousands of nameless fighters who all over the world risk freedom and life to work for the realization of socialism.

A short time after the burning of the Reichstag, Willie Bredel was arrested and thrust into a concentration camp. No news of his fate has reached the outside world.

FRANZ BRAUN

This is an entirely new type of writer: diametrically opposite to the petty bourgeois picture. He has become hard and disciplined. Today in a cellar he edits an illegal newspaper—on leave from death. Tomorrow he composes political couplets. The day after tomorrow he prints them or pastes them on walls and in the midst of all this he sees the material which will form the basis of a novel or a great piece of reporting. No theatrical first night resounds with ovations for this author. No prizes are awarded to him. No big royalties are accumulated for the likes of him. No newspapers blazon his name. Or if at all, then in small type from some official government news service, a notice:—

July 14th—Franz Braun, editor of the newspaper, Peoples Guardian, of Stettin, found dead in his cell. . . .

And on the next day, some one else takes his place.

What does the world know of Franz Braun? Very little. He is one of many who some fine day bob up out of the obscurity of the working class carrying under his arm a manuscript in fine clean handwriting: a novel which depicts the development of a young Catholic worker to freethinker and class conscious worker. The young Catholic worker—that is himself, Franz Braun; it is his own life which he describes. This novel appears on the feature page of a freethinkers newspaper, and Franz Braun remains in the group of revolutionary writers, organizes, writes short stories and articles, learns, and is active here and there; he lives in one of Berlin's suburbs; he goes hungry; and when he wants to attend a literary event,

or to go to a meeting of fellow writers, he has to walk for hours, because he hasn't the money for a street car ride.

And on July 14th the official Nazi news services sent out a notice:

Franz Braun, Editor of the newspaper, People's Guardian, of Stettin, found dead in his cell. . . .

And the fight goes on. Another springs into the gap which Braun has left. We do not write this simply because we assume it to be true. No, we know it is so. The illegal literature printed on hektographs or mimeographed, the newspapers and pamphlets reproduced by means of photography and the press—all testify to this. The stream continues!

In our youth, Emil Zola's "*J'accuse*" was for all of us the very essence of a writer's heroism. He accused the heads of society; he exposed himself to the danger of being sent to jail for months, perhaps even for several years.

But see how severe are the demands which life today makes on the heroism of the anti-fascist writer! If he is captured at his work, no public opinion can raise its voice, no release pending trial, no long-winded court proceedings, no sentence of a dozen or so months of political arrest. Only a short report in the official Nazi news service:

Franz Braun found dead in his cell. . . .

In the world outside of Germany there is something called public opinion. If public opinion once supported Emil Zola in his fight, with what force should it today support these Franz Brauns, who in Germany—dead men on leave—fling their "*J'accuse*" in the very face of fascism.

KLAUS NEUKRANTZ

In fascist Germany the truth cannot be told. Could it ever be told at any time in the last fourteen years? Complacent courts, the shamefully biased verdicts of the Supreme Court in all matters affecting the press, the nimble fingered skill of the police system of prohibiting publication, and the immediate exploitation of the radio system for the purpose of spreading desired news—all this, even during the fourteen years of the German Republic, made the utterance of truth a precarious undertaking to be paid for with freedom or livelihood.

And the "freedom of press" guaranteed by the Weimar Constitution very soon showed tremendous holes. It was an optional, not an obligatory, freedom.

For example on the 1st of May, 1929, the following occurred: The Social Democrat Zoergiebel, at that time police president (commissioner of police) of Berlin determined not to permit the traditional May Day demonstration of Berlin workers. As justification of this measure he announced that a disturbance of peace and order was to be feared from the demonstration. (Since 1918 the May Day Demonstrations had taken place without any disturbance.) All to no effect were the solemn pledges of the revolutionary representatives of the Berlin workers, who guaranteed that no disturbances would take place. All without effect were the warnings of discerning people that the Berlin proletariat would take this ban as a completely unjustified provocation. The police was ordered ready

for riot duty, inexperienced 19 year old police recruits were ordered to Berlin in great masses. Rifles and cartridges were given out, and by means of full utilization of the official news apparatus, an atmosphere of nervous tension and antagonistic passion was provoked. . . .

The acts of a social democratic police president by the name of Zoergiebel cost the population of Berlin 33 dead, 88 severely wounded, and several hundred slightly wounded. For three days in succession the workers' districts in Wedding and Neukoelln were like besieged cities. The attempted demonstration on the 1st of May was crushed by abundant use of firearms. In all districts, after the coming of darkness, the police shot at every person who dared to show himself in the neighborhood. The police report told of snipers on the roofs, of attacks with firearms on police officers—but these reports did not explain the fact why, in spite of these alleged Communist attacks not one single policeman sustained even a tiny scratch. Yet women and old people standing at the windows of their homes in the fourth and fifth stories were killed by well-aimed shots.

The enormous embitterment brought into being an impartial court before which by means of testimony of witnesses in public proceedings the events of the 1st of May were probed.

The findings were: *the police had in no case been attacked; and the official report that they fired in self-defense was an unqualified lie.*

A few months later appeared a novel with the title "Barricades in Berlin." The writer, a young journalist, Klaus Neukrantz by name, offered to prove that his documented presentation coincided in all points with the reality. It was not necessary to give proof of proof since even without it everyone was convinced of the historical fidelity of Neukrantz' novel.

The frightful charges of "Barricades in Berlin" have never been refuted. The social conscience of Germany was choked by the web of lies spun by the official police news-dispensing machine. On the basis of some emergency decree or other, the Police President of Berlin prohibited the book. Hundreds of protest meetings called together by workers and intellectuals in all cities of Germany could not alter this.

Long before Hitler's regime of violence it was dangerous or impossible to tell the truth in Germany!

The writer, Klaus Neukrantz, is one of the hundred thousand prep school students who, nearly twenty years ago, enthusiastically marched off to war. From the cradle, they had been brought up to see in "a hero's death for the Fatherland" the highest honor and the greatest happiness which could come to a man. For years he was in the trenches, did his service, became officer, lay in the hospital with gas-rotten lungs. Like Ludwig Renn he could not find himself after the war had ended and the Republic had begun. Burst was the gaudy bubble of his nationalistic thinking; there remained only chaos, stumbling, groping. Only after five years did he find in the ideology of revolutionary Marxism, in the companionship of workers, the solid ground on which it was worth-while to go forward for a lifetime. For years on end he worked on newspapers which the workers themselves had established. As critic, as reporter, as

novelist, he organized his fellow-writers; as chairman of the independent radio writers and editors of the "Workers' Broadcast" (*Arbeitersender*) he stood in the front ranks of those who have fought for years against the most modern means of stupefying the people. With sick lungs, which reminded him daily that he was a lifelong cripple, which ever so often forced him down on his sick bed, he nevertheless performed, regardless of consequences, the work of a whole and healthy man.

Among the first arrests after the burning of the Reichstag was that of Klaus Neukrantz. The man who had fought with great heart and pure courage for the dwellers in most miserable districts of Berlin, was punished by the tyranny of the fascists for his battle against the tyranny under the Republic.

Since the beginning of March, 1933, Klaus Neukrantz, with his gas-rotted lungs, languishes in jail. His friends doubt whether he, who has made his sacrifice of blood and health "on the altar of the Fatherland," will survive jail and concentration camp.

GREGOR GOG

There are rebels who reject the existing social order by putting themselves beyond it, by becoming outsiders. The early years of "going on the bum" in the lives of Maxim Gorki and Jack London resulted from this kind of attitude. Vagabonding constitutes only an episode in the lives of many. Gregor Gog, too, began as a tramp. But even after he had long since given it up, he never lost his feeling for the life. One of the decisive turning points in his life was his trip to the Soviet Union. There this romantic anarchist experienced the ascent of world which is built up on the basis of scientific Marxism and the struggle of the entire working class.

His love for tramps did not diminish. On the contrary, he bent his energies to the task of organizing the homeless. He founded the "Association of Tramps" (*Bund der Vagabunden*), held a great Congress of Tramps in Stuttgart, and despite the severest material sacrifices, published his paper, "The Tramp" (*Der Vagabund*). Around this publication gathered many people of literary and artistic talent, whom Gog spurred on and led to creative production. Two big exhibitions showed important results.

Today Gog is in the concentration camp at Neuberg. He is seriously ill. Last winter he could only get about with the aid of crutches.

Weak, sick, and sensitive of spirit, will he come alive out of this camp in which he is subjected to a concentrated regime of heavy labor, miserable food, humiliations, and mistreatment? . . .

ERICH MUEHSAM

In 1919, as the Soviet government in Munich, Bavaria, was drowned in a sea of blood, among thousands of others the anarchist writers, Gustav Laundauer and Erich Muehsam were arrested. Landauer was literally trampled to death by Reichswehr soldiers in the Stadelheim prison. He died with a curse against "swinish militarism" on his lips. His fellow

partisan, Erich Muehsam was put on trial and sentenced to ten years penitentiary. His speech before the court, the audacity and sarcasm with which he flung his charges in the faces of the judges, was unforgettable for everyone who experienced the trial. For six years Erich Muehsam was incarcerated in the Bavarian penitentiary before the efforts of his friends could win a release for him.

These years of imprisonment could not influence Muehsam's attitude. This man, who wrote the workers' drama, "Judas", whose malicious satirical poems hit and hit destructively, whose song of the reformistic "Lamp Cleaner" (*Lampenputzer*) has become an inseparable part of German political literature—took up once again in his magazine, *Fanal*, the fight exactly at the point where imprisonment had interrupted him.

For years in all Berlin gatherings of cultural, humanitarian, and leftist political organizations, the characteristic head of the old anarchist was to be seen. His dynamic eloquence and his wild humor were proverbial in Berlin.

This man was arrested on the night of the Reichstag fire. His captors plucked out his beard, cut a swastika in his hair; for weeks on end they thrashed inhumanly this sick man, more than fifty years old, whose body was weakened by privation...

In the face of all these atrocities, bought journalists had the face to assert that Erich Muehsam was drinking coffee, smoking cigars, and in the best of health in prison. Friends who accidentally saw him in his confinement, were horror-struck at the sight. In a few months Muehsam had become almost completely deaf.

The justice of the Nazi Third Reich which has perpetrated the shameless farce of the Reichstag trial, had cooked up against Muehsam an accusation which is obviously nonsensical—they want to hold him responsible for the execution of bourgeois hostages by the Red Army in Munich in 1919. Long ago in his trial it was proved definitely that Muehsam had neither known anything of the original arrest of the hostages, nor had he anything to do with their execution. He had been arrested on April 13, 1919, and not till four weeks later were the hostages executed.

As these lines are being written, we learn that, a short time ago in the Sonnenberg concentration camp, Erich Muehsam was commanded to sing the Nazi "Horst Wessel Song". Though the sick old man had already undergone the most terrible experiences under the rubber truncheons of the Storm Troopers, he valiantly refused to obey the order. Finally exhausted by the hideous experiences of the day, he collapsed on his straw pallet. But in the middle of the night he stood up and sang—*The International!* He sang it through three times. Then his tormentors took him off to a mental sanatorium.

S.O.S.—Help, for Erich Muehsam!

KURT HILLER

A century and more ago reformers and utopians attempted to use the weapons of "pure reason" to criticize the existing social order, and to

make plans for a new one. But since then, a social class has been formed which fights for a new society, and the Party has come into being which has gathered all the experience of revolutions, and which plans the line of march for the next days and years.

The fronts are consequently clearly defined. But between the armies which oppose each other in a permanent and bloody civil war, there are individuals. They wish to criticize only from their own standpoint, and they fight "on their own". Erich Muehsam is one of them. Another is Kurt Hiller, leader of the "Revolutionary Pacifists". Kurt Hiller is a many-sided publicist and social worker. Very early and with great energy he began to fight for reform of sexual laws. He was publisher of the "Goal Annuals" (*Ziel Jahrbuecher*), of which the first issue was banned; he wrote several books. He gathered around him the "revolutionary pacifists", a group of decisive opponents of war, who wanted nothing to do with the anemic and deceptive League of Nations and Pan-Europeanism. He was one of the most noted contributors to the weekly *Weltbuehne* (edited by Carl von Ossietzki).

During the last few years we find him in a feud with Marxist Socialism. He dispensed praise and blame—more blame than praise—and gave instruction in the high, strained voice of a worried and idealistic individualist. He was at a loss to know what stand to take in the face of the elections of September, 1930, and the acceleration of the Nazi movement which those elections revealed. He sought for the positive element in Hitler's National Socialism—and found it in the anti-materialism, and the anti-rationalism preached by the Nazis.

Be that as it may, there is no doubting the strong intellect and the idealistic aims of this writer. Soon after Hitler was put in power, he was arrested and brought to Spandau prison. After he was released he found that his home had been wrecked, his library stolen, and all his manuscripts destroyed. He was soon afterward arrested a second time and is today in a concentration camp.

ERICH BARON

To Mr. State Attorneys' Councillor Dr. Mittelbach,
Berlin Police Headquarters, Section I. Z. 218.

With reference to the prisoner Erich Baron
(at present in the Prison at Lehrterstrasse 3)

Filed by the daughter of the prisoner, Marianne Baron.

During today's visiting period I found my father Erich Baron in an altogether terrifying mental condition—a consequence of his being an utterly nervous individual, mentally as well as physically, simply incapable of offering resistance. Consequently, I earnestly request that he be released from confinement. Since, in this case, protective arrest has certainly not been decreed as a strict measure of punishment, which it has turned out to be in my father's case, resulting in probably serious internal injury for his whole lifetime, (and since) with the present overburdening of the officials, the announced investigations have not led to any final result—therefore I file the urgent plea for liberation, or at least temporary leave of absence from imprisonment, for my father in order that he may himself represent his interests before the proper authorities.

I, as his daughter, place myself at the disposal of the police as a hostage, and request to be imprisoned in place of my father until his case is cleared. Suspicion that he may attempt to flee, or any kind of political activity on the part of my father, is out of the question, and on account of my incarceration alone would be completely impossible. I ask once again most urgently that this application be granted.

(Signed)

MARIANNE BARON

Berlin-Pankow, April 12, 1933.
Kavalierstrasse 10.

* * * *

The Police President, Berlin
Section I.

(Seal of the Police)

Berlin C. Alexanderstrasse, 3-6

To Miss Marianne Baron,

Berlin-Pankow, Kavalierstrasse 10.

Following your application of 12, 4, 1933 concerning your father, Erich Baron, I have caused the appropriate prison doctor to examine whether he is able to bear imprisonment. Reasons for (his) release in consequence of any newly-developed inability to bear imprisonment do not exist. Furthermore, the investigations are continuing.

(Signed)

DR. MITTELBACH

State Attorneys Councillor
I. A.

* * * *

The Police President, Berlin,
Section I.

(Seal of the Police)

Berlin C 25, Alexanderstrasse 3-6

To Mrs. Jenny Baron

Berlin-Pankow, Kavaliers Strasse 10.

Honored, and dear Madam:

In the enclosure, I respectfully take the liberty of transferring to you, with the expression of my personal sympathy, the papers left behind by your husband.

(Signed)

DR. MITTELBACH

State Attorneys Councillor

* * * *

German Bank and Discount Company (The "D. D. Bank")

Cable Address: Deutjura

Telephone No. Al Jaeger 0018

Postal checking account: Berlin 1000

Mrs. Jenny Baron and Miss Marianne Baron

Paris, France. 6 rue Blaise-Desgoffe,

Referring to your advice of 27, 5, 1933

In answering, please refer to:

Legal Department Schn.

Berlin W 8, June 2, 1933.

To your communication of the 27th instant addressed to our deposit branch (H. 3 Berlin-Pankow, Breitstrasse 8-9) we respectfully reply that, to our regret, we are not in a position to carry out your order to execute a letter of

credit of 500 marks for each of you (total 1,000 marks), the same to be charged against your joint account carried in our above mentioned branch. At the end of May of this year, on the basis of the Law for Seizure of Communist property of May 26, 1933, at the instance of the Secret State Police of Berlin, the full amount of the money to your credit, was confiscated.

Most respectfully,

(THE STAMP OF THE GERMAN BANK AND DISCOUNT CO.)

* * * *

This is an interchange of official documents in Hitler's Third Reich—the tragic course of which finds its significant conclusion as, with expressions of personal regret, the widow and orphan of a man driven to death while in "protective arrest," are robbed of their last penny.

On the 26th of April, 1933,—the same day that the States Attorney found no cause to release from prison a man suffering from critical illness of mind—Erich Baron, the editor, with a last effort of will tied a noose and hanged himself. He was fifty-one years old. He died with the plea that his family and friends might forgive him, since he no longer felt capable of carrying on the fight for his life.

What was Erich Baron's crime in the eyes of the dictators of the Third Reich? For a generation he raised his voice in the socialist press for a better human order—as editor of the Social-democratic "Brandenburg Newspaper", as head of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council of the city of Brandenburg in 1918, as feature writer of the Berlin newspaper *Freiheit*, central organ of the then Independent Socialist Party.

Since 1922, Erich Baron was general secretary of the Society of the Friends of the Soviet Union (F.S.U.). In the illustrated magazine, *The New Russia*, which he edited, he supplied incorruptible testimony of the socialist upbuilding of Soviet Russia. He was tirelessly active in forming and strengthening cultural bonds between western Europe and the socialist sixth of the world. During the past nine years many hundreds of people sat in his office: architects, whose untraditional attitude hampered them from using their great talents in Germany; engineers, chemists, scientists, whose abilities were lying fallow, and who wished to place themselves at the service of Socialism. To all of them, Erich Baron was friend and advisor. He made known to the literary community of Berlin many great writers of the new Russia, and was an upright interpreter between the new life in new Russia and the Western European spirit.

In the Third Reich there is no place for such a person. Dr. Goebbels' Ministry for Propaganda, with its white-guardist experts, has drawn nightmarish, lying pictures of the Soviet Union. In its money-collecting scheme known as "Brothers in Need", ostensibly for the benefit of German-speaking settlers on the Volga, the Propaganda Ministry makes use of photographs taken during the Russian famine of 1921: it does this in order to keep within bounds of law and order the real hunger in a bogus socialist nation (National "Socialist" Germany), by means of bogus stories of hunger in a really socialist nation.

Erich Baron was imprisoned on the morning after the burning of the Reichstag. We shall never be able to learn what horror finally caused

his voluntary death. Was it bodily torture? Was it the mental torment of hard solitary confinement, absolute separation from the outside world for an indeterminate period? The mouth which could tell us and accuse the tormentors, is silenced for ever. Erich Baron,—one of the many done to death behind the impenetrable prison walls of the Third Reich, Hitler's Germany.

SCIENTISTS

The flight into sterile metaphysics and mystical philosophy—the sole escape which fascism leaves open to men of intellect—is the very *opposite* of strict, disciplined scientific thought. The present rulers of the German people—"the people of poets and philosophers"—recognized from the very beginning that *that* kind of thinking and unprejudiced scientific work, shook the very foundations of their regime of compulsion and violence.

The campaign of destruction which is now being carried on in Germany, expresses itself in various forms. Ranging all the way from the expulsion of inconvenient professors in universities, to sheer murder, not one single nuance of stupidity is left out of this scale of methods for fighting science. Hundreds of scientists and scholars fell victims to the Nazi fight against "liberal thought"—among them such world-renowned authorities as Einstein and the great physicist, Frank.

From the standpoint of the Nazis, this destruction of scientific work is completely justified. It is not a matter of unconsidered action, or occasional excesses. The type of the modern scientist and researcher is not that of the comic-strip figure with which the Nazi theoreticians of brute force seek to defame thinkers and researchers. The totality toward which modern science tends, and the attainment of which is hindered by the present social order, is diametrically opposed to the sort of "totality" preached by fascism. Today a contradiction exists between the material results of the application of natural and social science on the one hand, and the dominant idealistic philosophy on the other hand. Fascism tries to "vanquish" this contradiction by its totalitarian principle of "Soul, Feeling, and Race". To fascism, genuine scientific investigation becomes a form of activity hostile to the State.

HERMANN DUNCKER

Among those arrested the morning after the Reichstag blaze, was the man who, in the consciousness of broad layers of the German working class, probably personified most clearly the type of the man of learning,—Dr. Hermann Duncker. With his lean figure, his benevolent blue eyes, and his mild face illuminated by spirit, he was externally the type of the old time German savant; but his intellectual work is of the kind which followed that fundamental principle: "Theory will become material force when it takes hold of the masses."

More than a generation ago Hermann Duncker studied under the economist Buecher and the philosopher Wundt. Philosophy, history, and economics, the three pillars which support the thought-structures of dialectic materialism, the materialistic interpretation of history, and so-

cialism—all these led the young scholar onward to the labor movement. And in the front ranks of that movement he stood for more than a generation.

As teacher, lecturer, and theorist of the old Social-Democratic Party of Germany, as instructor in economic history and economics at the Party School in Berlin, Hermann Duncker was privileged to instill the methods of strict scientific thought into thousands of workers athirst for the future. The transformation of theory into political practice was no problem for him—it was the presupposition and the essential content of all his scientific work.

What Hermann Duncker accomplished during more than a decade as editor, teacher, and travelling lecturer, will never be lost. He was editor of the famous Marxist "Basic Books" (*Elementar Buecher*), which were spread in hundreds of thousands of copies in all German-speaking regions. There is hardly a city in Germany in which Hermann Duncker has not hammered with his tireless passion the basic theses of scientific socialism into young workers and students—in courses filled to overcrowding. The ambitious and impressive organization of the Marxist Workers' Schools, attended by countless German workers, and unqualifiedly recognized in their importance to learning even by educators of contrary political views, came into being largely as a result of Hermann Duncker's initiative.

In fascist states, fruitless speculation, metaphysical juggling with empty concepts, is the only form of human activity which can be tolerated. The persecution of "Marxism"—or whatever it is that the Nazis believe this name represents—began first of all against those very men whose thorough knowledge of Marx's writings threatened to conflict with the vital interests of the new rulers. One of these men was Hermann Duncker.

Eyewitnesses report a scene which occurred in the Berlin Police Headquarters on Alexanderplatz, the morning after the Reichstag fire. Herr von Levetzow—formerly a Corvette-Captain (naval rank) in the Kaiser's Imperial Navy, later made an Admiral under the Republic, and now head of the Berlin police for the Nazis—looked over the arrested as they stood lined up in long rows in the corridors of the police headquarters. "Stand Straight!" he bellowed at Hermann Duncker, sixty years old, suffering from heart disease, and tormented by asthma. And since the posture of the scientist still did not satisfy the drill-sergeant eye of the police president, Hermann Duncker was thrust into solitary confinement, and kept there.

KARL AUGUST WITTFOGEL

There was a time, not so long ago, when a historical work from the pen of Dr. Karl August Wittfogel was hailed as "monumental", as "masterly", as "fascinating" by the entire press, regardless of political direction. University professors who today have long since made their private peace with the fascist regime, vied with each other in recognition of the scientific achievement of Wittfogel. Today this man is incarcerated in a prison in Frankfurt on the Main.

Appreciation of the forces which have shaped world history in the

past, means at the same time recognizing and supporting the tendencies which will form the future. But the sort of task now assigned to the German historian—namely, sublimation of Prussian militarism as the meaning and substance of world events, of the dizzying intoxication of the national myth, of the childish egocentricity of the Nazis—all signifies complete destruction of sound methods of scientific thought.

Slowly, very slowly, outside of the state universities system, a historic point of view began to win through in Germany, which took over the latest results of the thought of all other branches of science, and tried to bring the knowledge of the past into a meaningful relation with the vital forces of the present. To the historical works of this time belong the writings of young Wittfogel—“Primal Communism and Feudalism” (*Urkommunismus und Feudalismus*); “History of Bourgeois Society” (*Geschichte der bürgerlichen Gesellschaft*), and “Science of Bourgeois Society” (*Die Wissenschaft der bürgerlichen Gesellschaft*).

This man, descendant of an old family of teachers and preachers, seemed called to personify a dying epoch’s ideal of the student. His road through doubts, recognitions, and scientific achievements, into the concentration camp, is symptomatic of the development followed by the best portion of the bourgeois youth of Germany in the last two decades.

An awakening and despairing generation, filled with a romantic and rather musty youthful instinct for revolt, made for itself an outlet in the Youth Movement. The name of Karl August Wittfogel has a good ring in the history of the German Youth Movement. It was he who brought to a close the most important epoch of this Movement. His flaming speech on the “Hohen Meissner” introduced the decay of the old forms and the activizing and politicalizing of the intellectual youth; in point of fact it represented the end of the bourgeois Youth Movement.

Wittfogel’s studies in Germanics and history, to which were added early the study of Sinology (China), did not lead him into the well-trodden bourgeois careerism. Already in 1920 he had overcome in himself the last remainder of such personal ambitions. From this time forth he stood in the workers’ movement. During only one stage of his life did he receive a regular, assured salary: He taught in a public high school (*Volkshochschule*). His entry into the German Communist Party brought this to a speedy end. The combination of theory and practice, usually the ever-distant aim of a life devoted to science, was his from the very beginning. In innumerable, brilliant and learned reports, given all over Germany, Wittfogel always and again called on the intellectual workers to unite their fight for cultural progress with the political struggle of the advancing working class. In addition to infinite burdening with such tasks, in addition to speeches in mass meetings, travels, and educational courses, Wittfogel managed to find enough time for his own scientific work.

In his special field, the history of Eastern Asia, the young historian who is today only thirty-seven years old, early reached a summit. Editing of the writings of Sun Yat Sen was followed by the work which made Wittfogel’s name and achievement known and acknowledged far beyond

limited circles of specialists—the book was “Economy and Society of China” (*Wirtschaft und Gesellschaft Chinas*). It is a monumental achievement of history writing on which dozens of specialists in all lands and languages are building their own works. Wittfogel is a Marxist, a consistent Marxist. In a time in which, with all conceivable means Marxism is being defamed or sneered at as madness, it is doubly significant that the Marxist method of thought which is the foundation and presupposition of Wittfogel’s work, had to be recognized only a few months ago even by non-Marxist and anti-Marxist specialists, as convincing, incontestable, and productive of new, basic historical knowledge.

The political geographer (Geopolitician), Professor Haushofer, whose “World-political Survey” is now broadcast every month by all radio stations of fascist Germany, wrote without reservations of the “brilliant, basic knowledge” and of the “uncompromising, captivating presentation, clear as woodcut” of this great work of Wittfogel. Yet not a voice was raised among all the scientists and savants of Germany to save the historian, Karl August Wittfogel, from the most bestial humiliations of the concentration camp.

At the beginning of 1933 Wittfogel had arranged to make a journey of several years duration in China. He had the ticket in his pocket, but he continually postponed his departure. It seemed unworthy to him to desert the German workers at that moment when the critical fight against fascism was coming. A few weeks after the Reichstag fire he was arrested and put in the concentration camp in Heuberg. The newspapers reported laconically, “A Communist agitator by the name of Wittfogel has been arrested...”

THEODORE LESSING

On the 26th of February, 1933, the noted clairvoyant, Erich Hanussen, opened his new and elegant Berlin home. In the seance which he held as part of the entertainment for his prominent guests, he saw “a big building burning”. The next day “the big building” known as the Reichstag was burned. On the 5th of February, 1933, this same clairvoyant, Hanussen, on the occasion of a performance he was giving in Hanover, had predicted from the stage:

“A scholar, very well known in Hanover, and who is much talked about in Hanover, will suffer death during this year.”

On the 30th of August, 1933, the “scholar, very well known in Hanover” suffered death. But by no means a normal death from natural causes. Theodore Lessing sat in his workroom, in his room of refuge, his back toward the window. This back served as a broad target for the Nazi murderers. Was this Erich Hanussen a genuine clairvoyant? Not a bit of it! Otherwise he would have foreseen his own murder at the hands of Nazi agents. But he was the intimate friend of the head of the Storm Troop in Berlin, Count Helldorf. Hanussen was, according to a joke current in Berlin, not a clairvoyant, but a “Helldorvoyant”. And this count friend of his, who counted so heavily in the inner circles of

Nazi intrigue, knew, and could tell, without being a clairvoyant, just which "big buildings" were scheduled to be burned, and which "well known scholars" were going to be targets for Nazi bullets.

The revolver which fired the bullet into the body of Professor Theodore Lessing, was loaded in the Nazi headquarters.

What drew down on this scholar from Hannover the hate of the rulers of the Third Reich? "Love is there, nothing but love and sympathy for all creatures . . . one can't help being reminded of St. Francis of Assisi. Are we to believe that such a man is a 'disintegrator', a corrupter of the people and of youth?" These words were written in 1926 in an essay on Theodore Lessing by the philosopher Hans Driesch.

But the Technical University in Hannover, like other universities of the Weimar Republic, would not tolerate in its faculty any instructor who ventured to make a criticism of General Field Marshall von Hindenburg.

"One can say: 'Rather a zero than a Nero!' But unfortunately history shows that behind the zero, a future Nero always stands hidden."

These words were written by Lessing in 1925 concerning Hindenburg's candidacy for President of the German Republic. Hindenburg was the zero. And the history of the last year and a half has shown that so many years ago Lessing was right. The zero which was and is Hindenburg, hid the Nero which is Hitler and the Nazi regime.

In 1872 Theodore Lessing was born, the son of a doctor. His youth was embittered and tormented. Though a radical in his early days at school he—descendant of Jews and would-be assimilationist—was repelled by the brutal antisemitism of his fellow-students in the university. He renounced Protestantism and became a Jew. He wrote many poems, short stories, criticisms. Uncertainly he groped about in the world, lived as travelling teacher, lecturer, elocutionist, recitor, publicist.

In 1904 "I sought and found a position as teacher in Dresden", he writes in his *Autobiography*. "At once I threw myself into social work, founded the first study courses for workers, joined with the Social-Democrats, worked with the trade unions, fought for women's rights, for elimination of officially-systematized prostitution, for abstinence from alcohol, for peaceful understanding between nations, for dress reform—never in later life did I take part in so many 'Congresses', 'sessions', 'mandates', 'resolutions' as during these, my most miserable years." But for all these congresses, sessions, mandates and resolutions, Lessing remained an outsider. He did not become a Marxist. His years of teaching and learning left no real trace in his philosophical works.

"My secret aim, however, was to get a place on the faculty of a German university." And in 1908 he finally attained this aim. He became an unpaid instructor¹ at the University of Hannover—and remained one for fully eighteen years: eternally instructor, eternally without a cent of salary.

His most important philosophical works were: *"Der Untergang der*

1. Privatdozent.

Erde an Geist", *"Schopenhauer, Wagner, Nietzsche"*, *"Philosophie als Tat"*, *"Geschichte als Sinngebung des Sinnlosen"*..²

The bullet fired into him by the Nazi gunman was not aimed at Prof. Lessing the idealistic thinker. It was aimed at Theodore Lessing, the Jew who dared call a zero Nero, though that zero was a "General Field Marshal von Hindenburg"—a zero "behind whom a future Nero always stands hidden".

DOCTORS

The puerile dogma of the superior value of the "Germanic" race has resulted in the inhuman principle that physical and mental weaknesses cannot be justified. For years past, among reactionary doctors, arose voices demanding a radical cancellation of all social insurance legislation so that the state might no longer step in to regulate when the weak were in danger of being forced under in the struggle for life.

Medical "racial biologists" called the army of millions of jobless "inferior" and explained that it would be in the interests of society if they were to die out.

And in the same way, the basis was laid for the Nazi doctrine that the Marxists—Socialists and Communists—were "sub-men", while the Aryan "supermen" were Adolf Hitler, the Nazi leaders, the leading captains of industry, and in fact all those who had got somewhere in this society—excepting only the Jews. University professors of social hygiene delivering solemn lectures on the occasion of taking up their work,¹ dared assert that the task of their science was to determine how the government could cut down still further its social budget, without greatly injuring the condition of the people as a whole.

Many thousands of German doctors who dared, despite the petrified animosity of official medical teaching, to attack the slavery of medical science to pharmaceutical Big Business,² were fiercely persecuted. In all of the "Chambers of Doctors" there were strong groups who openly proclaimed themselves as socialists. Since the state public health care failed to provide for certain very vital needs, private organizations of doctors were formed to fight against tuberculosis, to bring about sexual reforms, to care for cripples, and for other medicinal and humane functions.

After the Reichstag fire, hundreds of doctors were arrested. The mere fact that a doctor in his professional capacity had worked to secure the physical welfare of the destitute, or that he had fought against the barbaric Paragraph 218 of the German statutes,¹ was sufficient cause for the Nazis

2. "The Spiritual Decline of the World," . . . "Philosophy as Deed," "History as Imparting Meaning to Meaninglessness."

1. The formal speech which a newly appointed professor delivers on assuming his chair.

2. In particular the monster Chemical Trust (I. G. Farben Konzern) and its subsidiaries.

1. Paragraph 218 directed against abortions. Against its inhuman and unsocial effects protested progressive and enlightened doctors, social workers, sociologists, educators, leaders of women's organizations and workers' organizations. The famous playwright Friedrich Wolff wrote a powerful drama, *Cyankali*, against it.

to have him seized without giving cause, and to drag him off to a prison or a concentration camp for an indeterminate time. University professors of medicine were deprived of their chairs as teachers and their research laboratories. The results of their efforts were no longer consistent with the social policy of the new rulers who held that the life of the individual was of no account. The offices of the State Sickness Insurance, under Nazi influence, refused to pay Jewish doctors for professional services they had rendered to the members of the Sickness Insurance. Many thousands of existences were ruined. Suicides on the part of German doctors were frightfully numerous. And the number continues to grow. In other cases inconvenient doctors were simply murdered. And at the same time in the hospitals of Berlin secret wards were organized under the leadership of Nazi doctors, and there the victims of the medieval torture and terror methods of the Nazis were treated by "politically dependable" doctors.

Finally, dozens of cases, substantiated by documentary evidence, in which compliant Nazi doctors filled in the death certificate with some harmless sounding ailment as cause of death, when a worker, an intellectual, a Jew had been murdered by Nazis. Medical science has been degraded to a will-less tool of an inhuman state system. For the time being, a Nazi aim has been attained.

Among those doctors who were arrested in Berlin immediately after the Reichstag fire were: Dr. Schminke,² Municipal Doctor of Neukoelln, a section of Berlin; Dr. Klauber, head of the specialist doctors' group; Dr. Felix Boenheim,³ pacifist, and eminent hospital physician; and Dr. Max Hodann,⁴ expert in social hygiene. The crimes for which they were to atone consisted in having given more than mere lip service to the aims of their profession, and in having attempted to track down and combat sickness to its very ultimate, social causes.

DR. RICHARD SCHMINKE

Dr. Richard Schminke, for instance... He came from a peasant background. He began his medical work as a lodger in a tiny furnished room in Wedding, a working-class section of Berlin. The problems of this class-conscious district of Berlin became his problems, his program. He investigated the misery of the workers' tenements, concerned himself greatly with questions of housing and children's hygiene. He associated himself with the Communist movement. In 1928, on the basis of his accomplishments in social hygiene, he was elected municipal doctor for public health in Berlin-Neukolln (another famed working-class district). His first act was to introduce the eight-hour day for the entire hospital

2. Dr. Richard Schminke has been released from concentration since these lines were first written in German.

3. Dr. Felix Boenheim is now out of Germany; according to late reports, in England.

4. Dr. Max Hodann was released at the same time as Dr. Schminke. Dr. Hodann's many popularly unstandable books on social and sexual medical problems are noteworthy in their field.

staff. The first Bureau for Marital Counsel¹ in Berlin was his work. In the great Calmette trial in Luebeck, against the doctors whose irresponsible experiment resulted in the death of more than fifty children, Dr. Richard Schminke testified as expert. There he said: "The responsibility of the doctors is great, but is the real guilt not on the government and the administration of the city of Luebeck which fought tuberculosis with vaccines and serums instead of seeing to it that housing and nourishment were improved, and so getting at the root of the evil?"

Dr. Schminke suffers from a serious and painful eye trouble. During the last few years he has been forced to undergo various operations.

And what is his condition now? Today it is more difficult to get news of those who are sitting behind the walls of prisons and concentration camps in Germany, than news of the natives of innermost Africa.

DR. ALFRED KANTOROWICZ

We know, though, how Dr. Alfred Kantorowicz, the 54-year old professor of the medical faculty of Bonn University, is forced to spend his time,—he digs peat in a concentration camp in Mecklenburg. Professor Kantorowicz is known all over the medical world as the founder of the "Bonn System" of dental care in schools. First in his field, he recognized the necessity of systematically caring for the teeth of children of school age. He wrote the most widely recognized text book of dental science. He made his clinic the dental clinic of Germany.

But Professor Kantorowicz was a Jew, and a Socialist. Moreover, he showed a keen interest in and understanding for the social hygienic efforts of the Soviet Union.

Today he—the aging scientist—cuts peat. And when he isn't cutting peat, he is forced to stand at attention or go through military drills.

ATTORNEYS

DR. ERNST ECKSTEIN

Through fearful tortures Dr. Ernst Eckstein, lawyer and one of the founders of the Socialist Workers Party,¹ was driven to commit suicide in the concentration camp in Breslau. Edmund Heines, Hitler's Police President of Breslau, himself convicted of political murders, gave out the laconic notice: Dr. Eckstein had died of "incipient insanity".

DR. JOACHIM

Because he committed the crime of defending Social Democratic work-

1. The Bureau for Marital Counsel (*Eheberatungstelle*) sought to prevent marital incompatibility and unhappiness by dispensing scientific information and advice, psychological as well as medical, to married people who sought their aid.

1. *Sozialistische Arbeiterpartei*, a left-wing group of Social Democrats who opposed the party leadership's famous "the lesser evil" attitude and the policy of toleration toward the Bruening regime. They were expelled by the Social Democratic leaders and formed a small numerically unimportant group. Another leader was Dr. Kurt Rosenfeld, noted Berlin attorney, who worked together with Dr. Hans Litten in defending anti-fascist workers against frame-ups.

ers in the courts of the German Republic, the young Berlin attorney, Dr. Joachim, was literally beaten to death over a period of several days in the Storm Trooper Barracks known as "Ulap". A dying man whose face had been mutilated beyond recognition by blows, cuts, and kicks, was delivered to the police hospital, and shortly afterwards died, in horrible pain.

OTHERS

Among the forty-three who have already been "shot while trying to escape" in the Dachau concentration camp near Munich, are four lawyers from Munich and Nurnberg. From Essen, Dortmund, Dueseldorf, Stuttgart, Chemnitz, and Koenigsberg are reported murders of lawyers, to whom the profession and name of attorney-at-law meant more than an empty decoration.

DR. HANS LITTEN

Why many men in Germany gladly and as a matter of course relinquished every chance of a career which would bring them wealth, and—in the eyes of the bourgeois world—honor, may be exemplified by the life story of an attorney who is now held captive in a concentration camp, an infirm, broken man. He is Hans Litten. In a trial against a young Berlin worker who had slapped the face of Herr Zoergiebel, the Social-Democratic Police President of Berlin, Litten, the youthful defender of the prisoner, stood up and accused the high official of having instigated murder in thirty-three cases by his decree ordering the Berlin police to shoot on May 1st, 1929.

Unforgettable—the excitement in the Felsenck case which filled the columns of the newspapers for weeks. The court made every attempt to exclude from the trial this embarrassing attorney who had exposed the brazen, malicious bias of an ambitious State's Attorney. Litten's objections and motions were rejected in court, he was insulted, police spies were sent into his office, Storm Troopers lay in wait for him and tried to put him out of the way—but in the end the accused workers had to be acquitted on the charge of having killed a National Socialist.

Unforgettable—when the attorney Hans Litten collapsed weeping in the midst of his congratulating friends, when the word came that he had won out and saved from the death sentence the nine young workers from Charlottenburg.

A few weeks ago a brief item appeared in the fascist press of Germany, that the former attorney Hans Litten had been removed from the police hospital to appear as witness in a trial, but had refused to testify on the ground that he was suffering from deficiencies of memory as a result of severe injuries to his head. An ailing, broken man—*not yet 30 years old!*

Hans Litten is one of those who soon saw the necessity for going together with the workers. As son of a Nationalist university professor of law, he learned to look behind the facade of legal structure. The revelation of the hollowness and class subservience of handed-down legal

concepts became crushingly apparent to him, engendered a wild opposition, and drove the scion of a bourgeois family to anarchism.

This man became dangerous: his immense legal knowledge enabled him to lay bare what had been going on under the cover of shadow, to dismember stubborn witnesses in court, whether they were ministers, high officials, or even Chancellors, and to force them to reveal the truth in spite of themselves—all this made him suspect to the rulers of Germany. His moral seriousness and the flowing irony, his philosophical superiority and the political aggressiveness of his speeches forced even his enemies to recognize his calibre. The personal integrity of this ascetic, whose round, pale face radiated so much gullible childishness and fanatical devotion, could not be doubted; in order to defame him personally, his enemies had to resort to the hypothesis that he was a madman.

The day after the Reichstag was burned he was arrested together with his legal associate, Dr. Barbasch. During those days Storm Troopers bore placards through the streets of Berlin with the inscription: "Down with Litten!" He was dragged off to Spandau and from there to the Sonnenburg penitentiary which seemed to the fascist masters very well suited for a concentration camp.

Criminals had at their mercy the incorruptible lawyer who had fallen into their murderous hands. Days and weeks of despicable tortures passed before Litten's friends outside could even learn where he was being kept. After a desperate attempt at suicide, Litten's case was taken up by foreign journalists, and a Nazi State's Attorney in whom some feeling for human dignity and humanity still survived, had the broken man brought to the police hospital where Hans Litten now waits for the hour of his liberation.

SOLDIERS OF THE FUTURE

RICHARD SCHERINGER

This young lieutenant in the Reichswehr, Richard Scheringer, is no writer. He is the son of an officer who fell in the World War; he grew up in the old Prussian militarist tradition, and was sucked into the whirlpool of national socialist activity at the time of the occupation of the Ruhr by the French in 1923. He became an officer like his ancestors. Nothing predestined him to deviate from the narrow, well-worn groove of his class—but his militant desire for truthfulness, a deep detestation of the falsity of the Nazi phrases.

He is no writer—this young soldier. But he became suspect and dangerous to the ruling powers of Germany because of the written word, because he uttered a dangerous truth, which reacted directly and unfavorably on the delicately adjusted mechanism of the German military machine.

The name Richard Scheringer was heard for the first time in a sensational trial for high treason. Together with two other officers of his garrison in Ulm, Scheringer was accused of having formed Nazi groups within the German army, in order to paralyze the army in any fight against

the Nazis, and to make it an instrument of the Nazi policy. He and his comrades were condemned in 1930 to one and a half years of detention in a military fortress. After a few weeks the story appeared in the German press that Richard Scheringer, in his detention, had gone over to Communism!

In continual discussion with imprisoned Communists the young Nazi had become aware of the entire hollowness and deceit of Hitler's propaganda. Scheringer secured a leave of absence from his detention, travelled to Berlin, and asked Dr. Joseph Goebbels¹ for information and directions how he should seek to counteract the understanding of scientific, Marxian Socialism, which was rushing in upon him. The gigantic structure of ideas formulated by Marx and Lenin, amazed and dismayed him.

But National Socialism had less than nothing to give him. Goebbels took him along to Munich to visit Hitler. In naive pride of possession, Hitler had led Scheringer around the Brown House in Munich, pointed out to him this and that trivial detail of the architecture, promised him a good position in the Storm Troops after his release from detention—and had no answer to make to many of the questions Scheringer asked him. Confused, despairing, the young officer had run about in Munich from one Nazi official to another—and everywhere heard resounding, hollow phrases, everywhere saw the same panic-stricken fear of clear logic, everywhere mystification, fog, deceit.

So Richard Scheringer had returned to his confinement in the military prison—and announced his allegiance to Communism.

This announcement unloosed a flood of newspaper articles, letters, telegrams... None of his old Nazi comrades were willing to believe that the news was true. And those who were willing to accept the possibility of this change of mind, yet wanted to see in them nothing more than a consequence of mental strain induced by imprisonment, the expression of a temporary depression, of youthful thoughtlessness. But they soon were forced to realize that Richard Scheringer's conversion to Communism was the mature fruit of stringent, merciless and uncompromising search for truth.

In the loneliness of his detention, Richard Scheringer wrote letters, hundreds of letters, in which he answered his former co-believers in Hitler Fascism—answered their doubts, reproaches and questions, and showed them clearly, honestly, and in a well-considered way, the reasons which had moved him to take this step. And because of these letters, which contained his profession of faith in Communism, Richard Scheringer was put on trial again.

The two former officers who had been sentenced together with Scheringer had long since been released and now, within the Nazi party, ascend ever higher from rank to rank in the Nazi hierarchy.

But Richard Scheringer was no sooner released from serving his first sentence, than he was thrust into jail again, punished with solitary dark

confinement, with prohibition of all visits. A shameless lie was fabricated against him. He was accused of having attempted to escape with the aid of—a fingernail scissors. Finally after a new trial he was framed for two and a half years of detention in a military fortress.

Since then stillness has swallowed up Richard Scheringer. Only once again was he heard of—at the end of 1932 it became known that in protest against the provocation and persecution to which he was subjected, he had commenced a hunger strike. German workers in protest demonstrations and resolutions proclaimed their sympathy and solidarity with the young ex-officer. The rest of the German public remained silent. For even before Hitler was called to power, the public conscience of Germany had blunted and atrophied to an astonishing extent. Courage and faithfulness to convictions no longer counted for anything. And the big newspapers of the Social-Democrats and the Democrats did not feel any occasion to raise their voices for Richard Scheringer—his conversion to Communism had placed him, for them, outside the ranks of those men who might still lay claim to justice in the German Republic.

Since the triumph of German fascism, nothing further has been heard of Richard Scheringer. But convenient as may be this deadly silence in the case of the great apostate of National Socialism, it cannot prevent Richard Scheringer from remaining for millions a symbol and prototype: *a Soldier of the Future!*

EDUCATORS

The Nazis never fail to take advantage of every opportunity to proclaim pridefully that the "Revolution" which they have staged, will determine the German spirit "for centuries to come". Hence it is superfluous to emphasize that education is an essential point of vantage for their epidemics of alteration.

NAZI DR. RUST

The first official act of the Prussian Minister of Culture, Dr. Rust,¹ was to double the reading and lending fees of the great Prussian State Library in Berlin.²

Shortly thereafter followed the repeal of all those rules through which the republican school authorities had limited—though by no means eliminated—corporal punishment in the German schools. Those articles of the German Constitution which directed that youth should be brought up in the spirit of international friendship and of peace between peoples, have now become mere platonic demands. In sharp contrast to the binding form in which these articles are framed, observing them has brought with it troubles of various sorts for pacifist pedagogues.

1. Dr. Rust retired from the German educational system on the ground of insanity. He recently announced that all teachers unfriendly to, or insufficiently enthusiastic about, the Hitler regime had been expelled from their posts.

2. The fees were, to begin with, too high for all but well-to-do students and researchers.

1. Then head of the Nazi organization for northern Germany; now Minister for Propaganda and Enlightenment in the Hitler Cabinet.

THE ROD AND THE CHILD

An official article of the Nazi party pointed out that in the present situation, not the pedagogue of wide learning, but the "drill sergeant" was needed in the schoolrooms of Germany. From then on the last remnants of a progressive pedagogy were stamped out in Germany officially as well as actually. The results of research in child psychology were termed unmanly and sickly drivelling about humanity. The application and observation of the facts of psychoanalysis were termed crimes against the soul of the child. And the observance of the binding provisions of the Constitution affecting education, has become national treason pure and simple. German schools have become military barracks in which youth is to be educated in the spirit of the Nazi chauvinism, to be made ready for the next World War.

The bailiffs of the Third Reich by no means omitted the modern pedagogues from their proscription lists the night after the Reichstag fire.

All teachers who at any time drew down on themselves suspicion of Marxist, pacifist, or even liberal attitudes were ousted from their posts under humiliating circumstances.

Thus, among others in the jails of the Third Reich were incarcerated two practical school reformers who, in their lives and professions, had been travelling very different ways: the Berlin Superior Director of Education (*Oberstudiendirektor*) and Social-Democrat, Siegfried Kawerau; and the Communist delegate to the Prussian Diet, Superior Councilor of Education (*Oberstudienrat*), Dr. Fritz Auslaender.

DR. SIEGFRIED KAWERAU

Kawerau was the son of a family composed of pastors and scholars for centuries back. He belonged to the prophets of the unified school (*Einheitschule*) in Germany. He became head of one of the biggest and most modern progressive preparatory schools (*Aufbau Gymnasien*) in Germany. To a certain extent he realized the idea of independent co-operative work by the students, and the non-authoritative comradeship in the relationship between teacher and student. He did not see the realization of the right of the worker's child to advanced education corresponding to ability, though in his opinion this desideratum could be attained within the Weimar Republic. Higher education remained—in the Republic as in the Empire under the Hohenzollerns—reserved for the children of the upper classes of society. This was not altered by the existence of the little islands of modern progressive schools like the one conducted by Dr. Kawerau.

DR. FRITZ AUSLAENDER

The path followed by Dr. Fritz Auslaender was, as we have said, another. His fight on behalf of the proletarian child he had to atone for with the loss of his position in the school system of the German Republic. Thereafter Auslaender influenced school policy from the platform and in the commissions of the Legislature of the Prussian State. Under the

Government of the Social-Democratic Chancellor, Hermann Mueller, he conducted a fight for "Food for Children instead of Battle Cruisers for the Navy", which agitated wide circles of the German people.

What has happened to the two of them—Kawerau and Auslaender—in the darkness of their prison cells, can only be surmised. Friends who had an opportunity to see Kawerau report that it was impossible to talk with him: he remains silent even to urgent questions, and instead of answering chews at his underwear...

* * * *

BALANCE SHEET OF HITLER FASCISM

Such are the fates of 21 intellectual workers. This constitutes only a tiny drop in the ocean of misery being suffered by thousands of other intellectual workers and a hundred thousand workers "of the fist", in the concentration camps of Hitler Germany.

100,000 victims in the concentration camps.

1,400 murdered victims.

16 executed by decapitation.

Decapitation—their heads chopped off according to the *new* German manner preferred by the Nazis: the axe does not strike the back of the neck, but falls *in front*, cleaves from the throat back. Four decapitated on one morning in Hamburg. Six decapitated on one morning in Cologne. The youngest of them was 21, and the "oldest"—28.

Sixty additional sentences of death have been handed down. Sixty young German workers await the hour when Hitler's executioner's axe shall flash past their eyes into their throat.

For one Nazi slain in self-defense the Nazis exact not one, not two, not five—but ten death sentences in revenge.

No end to the concentration camps. No end to the torments. No end to "shot while trying to escape". No end to the legalized murders.

On the contrary, the more desperate the situation becomes for the Nazi regime, the more bestially does it command that heads shall roll in the sand.

* * * *

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Now that your attention has been drawn to the situation in Germany, you, the reader, may turn to us with the question: *What shall we do?*

Is all that which has been going on in Germany for more than a year a purely German affair which has nothing to do with the social structure of other countries, which is essentially alien and impossible for other countries?

The official statesmen, the politicians, and legislators of your countries take the same attitude on the question of fascism as they take on the question of war; they exert themselves to prove that neither war nor fascism are part and parcel of a bourgeois social system—the social system which exists not only in Germany, but in all the big western democracies.

The stench of decay is given off too distinctly by war and fascism, they are too obviously embodiments of barbarism, for any democratic politician to dare not to dissociate himself from them at the moment.

On the first page of our little book we touched the question of whether the events in Germany might not tomorrow or day after tomorrow be repeated—on your own persons, on your own works of literature, art, and science.

Tua res agitur—your own case is concerned when you work in behalf of the German intellectual workers who have been persecuted, tormented, driven to suicide, by fascism; and when you work for all those who, in spite of the brutal terror, fight on against that fascism.

How should you fight against fascism in your own country? That is a question which cannot be answered here, since it goes beyond the boundaries of the definite aims we have set for ourselves in this booklet—to help our friends in Germany.

What can you, should you, do for them?

Be sure that your voice has an echo and your name a weight in fascist Germany. Give up your silence, your passivity in political affairs—use the sole weapon which you have, the weapon of the word. Use it where it is effective and where it cannot be denied you.

The saying "Whoever holds his peace shares the guilt" is well-worn. But it is true! It was never so true as it is today!

What can one protesting voice accomplish? Or ten? Not very much! Hundred, thousand, hundred thousand, mean more. Do you think that the Nazis would have permitted Dimitroff to use the Leipzig courtroom for three months as his own accuser's rostrum, had they not felt on them the pressure of these thousands, millions of voices?

Write—wherever a piece of printable paper is at your disposal!

Speak—wherever you possess for a moment the attention of people!

Protest—wherever you get together with professional colleagues from Nazi Germany!

Demand an accounting from the official representatives of the new Germany who are so brazen as to appear at international congresses and conventions.

And not least: Try to get in touch with our tortured brothers and assure them of our sympathy by encouraging them: Look—your fight, our fight, is going on!

Gather funds! Not one writer or journalist living in Germany can earn a cent unless he "Hitlerizes" himself completely. Our friends are slowly starving. Gather funds and send them! With the money you will help not only their physical existence—with the money you send you will help to build up and spread the underground anti-fascist literature.

Don't let the time slip by unused

The fight against fascism is the fight for your own intellectual existence, the fight for culture, for humanity.

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